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A WOMAN EDITOR.

She Has Her Trials—Abuse Heaped Upon Her by a Rival.

The beautiful young girl who had graduated only a year before with the highest honors rushed into the family sitting-room and flung herself with a storm of sobs upon the sofa.

"What is it, my dear?" asked her father, soothing her gently. "Has anything happened to discourage you?"

"Papa," said the maiden, raising her tear-stained face, "I am done with journalism for ever. When you allowed me to purchase that weekly newspaper I thought that no occupation on earth could be so noble, so elevating and powerful to scatter good and wisdom throughout the world. When I began editing the paper everything appeared bright and rose-colored.

"My editorials were praised by the entire Texas press, and I got flattering words of encouragement from even the large dailies. I was, oh, so proud of the fact that, although a woman, I had been admitted as an equal member of the great brotherhood that exercises such an influence upon the mind and morals of the people. Last week I wrote a gentle criticism of an article that appeared in a little weekly in another county. This, papa—this is what I find in the next issue of that horrid paper."

The lovely girl handed her father the paper and buried her head upon the sofa pillows while he read the following:

"We would say to the loathsome, knock-kneed, piebald, jabberwork that infests the editorial dugout of the Weekly Herald—keep your shirt on! The disgusting idiotic drivel that emanates from the clapper-jawed, squirrel-headed, slab-sided puddle duck that spoils paper for that sewer pipe of journalism should get a pair of buckskin, kick-proof pants, or else quit squirting such jobs of back-handed putrefied slime at decent papers. If the hump-backed, putty-faced vermin referred to doesn't like our remarks, we will call any day and scatter a few locks of hair and brass buttons around said Herald office, or forfeit a year's subscription."

"Papa," said the girl graduate in a small but decided voice, "I want you to buy me a cook book and some long aprons. I'm going to stay at home and help mother about the house."

New Electric Railroad System.

A new system of electric railroad, which combines the advantage of the trolley and storage battery system, has now been practically tried in Hanover, which was the first to adopt it. Accumulators are provided beneath the seats of the car, and charged during the time the car is traveling on the trolley road, receiving current through the same feed wire as the trolley. When the end of the trolley line proper is reached the car continues on the track which heretofore had been used by a horse car line, relying for power absolutely upon the electricity stored in the accumulators during the trip over the trolley road. These electric cars are now being used all over the city of Hanover, although the former electric trolley line was introduced in only a small part of it. This system solves a very difficult problem in a very simple manner, and seems to have a great future in store, provided that the storage batteries retain the keeping qualities as promised by the manufacturers at Hagen, Germany. A similar suggestion is made in a foreign electrical journal by an engineer named Muelle, but his idea is to use the stored electricity on steep grades.

An Admirer's Enthusiasm.

Nordica's well known vein of sentiment got her into trouble upon one occasion. She had quite an experience some time ago when singing in Paris in "La Traviata." On leaving the stage after the third act she found herself in the embrace of a fine looking, sweet-faced old man, with tears streaming down his face, who exclaimed: "Let me kiss you. You are unique, unattainable, inimitable." The prima donna was quite overpowered by so much enthusiasm, but made excuses for her admirer's demonstrativeness, and, gently extricating herself from his embraces, dismissed him with a few gracious words. Her feelings were anything but mild a few moments later, however, when she missed a magnificent diamond tiara which she had been wearing.

Making Death Certain.

In Germany the view obtains that the execution of criminals should be by some means more certain even than the electric chair. Dr. E. Cushman, a celebrated chemist, suggests the use of carbolic acid. According to his plan, the criminal would be carried to a cell which can be filled noiselessly with carbolic acid in gaseous form from door to ceiling. When the gas reaches the delinquent's mouth and nose it causes instant paralysis of the lungs and unconsciousness, and life departs without previous pain.

THE SCIENCE OF NOT.

Good Qualities Possessed by This Disagreeable Little Adverb.

"I am determined to do nothing else till I find those scissors!"

There was no necessity for her immediate use of the scissors. She was simply, as women are wont to say, "punishing herself" for not being able to find them. Moreover, it was an irritating thing; the scissors must be somewhere within a radius of three feet; yet apparently they were not, and the animate thirsted for vengeance over the inanimate, but, as usual, could not conquer it. Having finally been forced to break her word to herself, and driven to do something else if she proposed to accomplish anything, she reluctantly sank into a chair at her writing-table and took up a little book waiting to be read or reviewed after the scissors should be found.

The scissors were under the book.

As nearly as I can find out, they always are. If you want to find something and cannot, stop trying and you will find it. I fear I am revolutionary, and like to upset accepted theories of behavior. Certainly I love paradoxes. Truly I love the woman who, in giving advice, added as her recipe for the right conduct of a household: "And a little wholesome neglect, please."

"Not" is such a preposterous and generally disagreeable little adverb that it is worth while to try to discover any good quality that it may possess. Concentration of purpose has been so lauded for generations that one hardly dares to look opposition in the face, and remember that Napoleon's purpose was supremely concentrated and that, after all, he came to grief—to a grief mammoth in proportion to the concentration of his energy. Nothing is easier than to write an essay with innumerable illustrations on either side of a question. Diffusion of interest is, in its way, every bit as valuable as concentration. If you quote to me Good-year's absolute devotion to a single idea for years and years of disappointment and failure, I shall tell you that if he had occasionally thought about something besides india-rubber, perhaps he would have succeeded sooner. I shall cite "The Middleman" as an example, for although "The Middleman" is a bit of dramatic literature, its force lies in its application to real life. The man who spent years and fortunes in buying coal to keep up his furnaces, and who was in despair when his money gave out and the furnaces became cold, at the time when he thought that just a little more heat would have perfected his pottery, found that the accident had saved him; what the china had needed was less heat instead of more. Absorbed in a "St. Nicholas" puzzle about trees, I had solved it all except one name: "We all looked very —," the puzzle being to fill in the blank with the name of some tree. Tired at last, I threw down the magazine and took up Weir Mitchell's new novel. I had turned but a few pages when I came to the heroine and her father, rowing up the stream "under the spicy spruce trees." "Spruce" the puzzle was solved simply by laying aside the "St. Nicholas" and thinking of something else. How often, in nestling and flying time, have I seen a young bird take refuge in a bush from which I knew it could not make a long flight all at once; fixing my eye with closest intensity on the spot where it had disappeared, but looking for it in vain, minute after minute. Discouraged, I have given it up and turned my eyes to look for other birds; when, casting my glance back casually from force of habit, the downy little cluster of feathers would touch my eye at once. How often, in a locality where I had been told there was maiden-bairn fern, have I sought anxiously, but in vain, in the thick underbrush and crowded woods, until I succeeded by paying less attention and letting my eyes wander carelessly where they would. How often, hunting for fringed gentians, have I cast my eyes far away over the level marsh to find at last, to my mortification, that I had been walking over them! And everyone is familiar with the advantage of leaving an unsolved problem over night, for the inspiration that comes from a night of, not thought, but sleep. Do we not often remember with thankfulness things we have not said, then sigh with regret over things we have? "Silence is the keenest reproach," says Henry James; and it is also sometimes the sweetest assent, the most powerful argument, the most effective appeal. "We have left undone the things we ought to have done," ah, yes! but we have also, fortunately, left undone a great many things we thought seriously of doing, but ought not to have done. What is to be done? Is an all-absorbing question: What shall I do to be saved? What shall I do for my children? What shall I do to keep happy? Excellent questions all; but do not forget the intrinsic excellence, also valuable, in remembering what it is best not to say, not to think, not to read, not to see, not to do.—Outlook.

Many a free man who is a slave would willingly change places with a healthy convict. A man might as well be shut out of enjoyment as to be shut up in a cell, he cannot engage in active pleasures. He cannot see the beauties of nature and art, but he can imagine them, and so get some benefit from them. A man who is sick has these things before him, but he doesn't see them as they exist. He cannot look on anything with appreciative eyes. His physical condition warps his vision and his mentality. He cannot enjoy anything, no matter how enjoyable it may be in the abstract. A man with a foul taste in his mouth, with a bilious headache, and with poisonous refuse matter circulating all through his body cannot enjoy anything. He honestly believes that the world is all wrong, and that it is a mighty poor place to be in. He is blue, despondent, cynical. Life isn't worth living to him. Such a simple thing causes this condition that it is absurd and ridiculous to think of a sensible man remaining in it. Symptoms like these come from constipation. It is the most prevalent of all causes of sickness. It makes a man worthless for work or pleasure. It is a stubborn trouble when you do not treat it properly, and a simple one when you do. It is cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They were made for this purpose, and no other. They accomplish this purpose as no other preparation ever did. An unscrupulous druggist may try to sell you something else. Look out! It is your health that is at stake. It is your health against an extra profit on the thing he says is "just as good." Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—don't forget—don't take anything else.

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FROM A DOG'S DIARY.

Evidently Authentic and Throwing Light on Canine Mysteries.

Monday, November 11, 10 a. m.—Am unchained. Large party with guns. Sport. Hurrah! Smell out master, dance round him, and place both forepaws on his knickerbockers. Am reproved. Why? There are two more black dogs, strangers to me, and a brown spaniel whom I have met before. The spaniel is a fool. His ears are ridiculously long and flap in the most absurd manner. His nose is broad, his eyes bulge, and his legs are bandy. A dog like this is only fit for hedgerows. Exchange tiptoe courtesies with the two black strangers. Growl at them. They growl back. We are all reproved. Why?

10:20—Corner of a covert. Heard keeper say: "There was 100 pheasants drawn into that 'ere covert." This is ripping. Master applies whip twice, but not very hard. Tells me he does it to "steady" me. Such rot! Forgive him. Five pheasants come out my way. I kill two with a right and left and miss another with my second gun. Sun must have got into my eyes. Shall I go after dead birds now or wait? Better wait. Got thrashed last time for running after birds before beat was over. Guns going off to the right and left. Brown dog so far has killed nothing. One of the black dogs named Sailor has killed four. Ridiculously conceited dog that. Eight more pheasants come to me one by one. Kill five. Miss three. Brown dog smiles audibly. Shall cut the brown dog or bite him in the back. Shout from beaters. "Hare forward." I'll have his fur or die in the attempt. Comes galloping out on my right. I miss him twice. I'll show him who can gallop. Off after him. Distant shouts from master. Who cares? Into a ditch. Out again. Across plowed field. Hare still in front. Am gaining. No, am losing. Hare is a silly animal; shall give it up and go back. By the by, got thrashed last time for doing this. Wonder if I shall be thrashed again. Better assume contrite expression. Do so. * * * No good. Am thrashed. Howl. Never was a Spartan dog. Beat over. Pick up dead birds. Mouth full of feathers. Am sent to look for a bird wounded by brown dog, who has shot disgracefully and made a perfect fool of himself. Track bird to ditch. Faint scent to right. Follow up fifty yards, then through hedge; back again. Got him. Return covered with burrs, with bird in mouth. Am patted. Brown dog, who has been thrashed, hints that he doesn't think much of the performance. Offers to carry bird for me. "If I am tired." Should like to see him dare to touch it.

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